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The
H E R M I T
a
Favourite English Ballad
by
D^r. BEATTIE

Set to MUSIC
With an Accompaniment for the
Piano Forte (or) Harp
by
SIGNOR GIORDANI.

Humbly Dedicated to
M I S S C R O P
Op. XX. Pr. 2/6

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THE HERMIT

by D. D. Bessie

The contents of this book

At the close of the day, when the shades are dim,
And the stars are shining in the twilight sky,
I sit alone, and think of all that's past and gone,
And the future that is yet to come.
I think of the days when I was young and free,
And the love that once was mine,
And the friends who are no more,
And the home that I have left behind.
I think of the years that have flown by so fast,
And the changes that have come to pass,
And the hopes that have been dashed in vain,
And the dreams that have been left to pass.
I think of the life that I have led so long,
And the struggles that I have had to face,
And the joys that have been mine,
And the sorrows that have been mine.
I think of the future that is yet to come,
And the hopes that I have yet to see,
And the dreams that I have yet to live,
And the life that I have yet to be.

And I think of the life that I have yet to be,
And the dreams that I have yet to live,
And the hopes that I have yet to see,
And the future that is yet to come.
I think of the life that I have yet to be,
And the dreams that I have yet to live,
And the hopes that I have yet to see,
And the future that is yet to come.
I think of the life that I have yet to be,
And the dreams that I have yet to live,
And the hopes that I have yet to see,
And the future that is yet to come.
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And the dreams that I have yet to live,
And the hopes that I have yet to see,
And the future that is yet to come.

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And the dreams that I have yet to live,
And the hopes that I have yet to see,
And the future that is yet to come.
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And the hopes that I have yet to see,
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And the dreams that I have yet to live,
And the hopes that I have yet to see,
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I think of the life that I have yet to be,
And the dreams that I have yet to live,
And the hopes that I have yet to see,
And the future that is yet to come.

THE HERMIT

by D^r Beattie

The contents of this Book

At the close of the Day, when the Hamlet is still,
And Mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the Hill,
And nought but the Nightingale's Song in the Grove:
'Twas then by the Cave of a Mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly Complaint thus began;
Tho' mournful his numbers, his Soul was resign'd,
He thought as a Sage. tho' he felt as a Man.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the Sky,
The Moon half extinguish'd her Crescent displays.
But lately I mark'd when Majestic on high.
She shone, and the Planets were lost in her blaze:
Roll on, thou fair Orb, and with gladness pursue.
The Path that conducts thee to Splendor again:
But Man's faded Glory no change shall renew,
Ah Fool! to exult in a Glory so vain.

Ah! why thus abandon'd to Darknefs and Woe?
 Why thus lovely Philomel flows thy fad ftrain?
 For Spring fhall return and a Lover beftow,
 And thy Bofom no trace of Misfortune retain:
 Yet if Pity inſpire thee. Oh. ceafe not the lay,
 Mourn ſweeteſt Complainer, Man calls thee to mourn
 Oh. ſooth him whoſe Pleaſures like thine paſs aw
 Full quickly they paſs, but they never return.

'Tis Night, and the Landscape is lovely no more,
I Mourn, but ye Woodlands I Mourn not for you.
For Morn is approaching your Charms to restore.
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew,
Not yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn,
; Kind Nature the embryo Bloffom shall save:
, But when shall Spring visit the mouldering Urn?
Oh. when shall it dawn on the Night of the Grave?

A Continuation being the contents of the second Book

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That lead, to bewilder; and dazzles to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade.
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
O pity great Father of light, then I cry'd,
Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee!
Lo. humbled in dust. I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free,

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

THE HERMIT

Poco Andante

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Poco Andante' and a time signature of 2/4. The piano part consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand providing a harmonic accompaniment. The vocal part is a single staff with lyrics written below the notes. The score is divided into several systems, each containing piano and vocal staves. Dynamics such as *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo) are indicated throughout. The lyrics describe a scene at the close of the day, mentioning Hamlet, mortals, the sounds of nature, and a hermit reclining by a cave.

Poco for. *f* *p* *f*

Poco for. *f* *p* *f*

p

At the close of the day, when the Hamlet is still, and Mortals the

p

sweets of forget-fulness prove; When nought but the torrent is heard on the Hill, and nought but the

f *p* *f*

Nightingales Song in the Grove: 'Twas then by the Cave of the Mountain reclind,

of the Mountain re-clin'd, a Hermit his Nightly complaint thus be-gan; Tho mournfull his

Numbers his Soul was re=fig'n'd, he thought as a Sage, tho' he felt as a Man. 'Twas then by the

Cave of the Mountain re-clin'd, a Hermit his Nightly complaint thus be-gan, Tho mournfull his

Numbers his Soul was refigh'n'd, he thought as a Sage, tho' he felt as a Man. he thought as a

Sage, tho' he felt as a Man.

Andante

Poco for. *f*

p Ah! why thus a-bandon'd to darknefs and

Woe! Why thus lovely Philomel flows thy fad Strain? for

Sfor. *p*

Spring shall re - - turn and a Lo - - ver be - - stow. and thy Bo - - som no

trace of Mis - for - - tune re - - tain: and thy Bo - - som no trace of Mis -

Sfor. *f* *p*

for - tune re - tain; Yet if pity inspire thee Oh!

Sfor. *f* *p*

p

cease not thy lay, Mourn sweetest's complainer Man calls thee to Mourn; Oh!

sooth him whose pleasures like thine pass a - - way - - , Full quickly they pass, but they

f *p* *f* *p*

ne - ver re - turn. Full quickly they pass but they ne - - ver re - turn, but they ne - ver re - -

f *p* *f* *p*

Poco for. *f*

- turn. but they never never return.

Poco for. *f*

Volti

Andante *f* *p* Now gliding re-mote on the verge of the Sky, the Moon half ex-

Sfor. *p* - tinguish'd her crescent displays; Now gliding remote on the verge of the Sky, the Moon half ex-

p *f* *p* - tinguish'd her crescent displays; the Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays.

lately I mark'd when Majes-tic on high, she shone, and the Planets were lost in her

p *f* blane: she shone, and the Planets were lost in her blaze:

5

Andantino

Roll

on thou fair Orb. & with gladness pursue the path that conducts thee to Splendor a - gain:

But Man's faded Glory no change shall re - new. ah Fool. to exult in a

Glory so vain. But Man's faded Glory no change shall re - new. ah Fool. to ex - ult in a Glory so

vain. ah Fool. to ex - ult in a Glory so vain.

Larghetto

'Tis Night and the Landscape is love-ly no

more, I Mourn, but ye Woodlands I Mourn not for you; For

Morn is ap proaching your Charms to re - - store, Per - fum'd with fresh

fragrance and glitt'ring with dew: nor yet for the ra - - vage of

Win - - - ter I mourn, Kind Na - - - ture the em = bry - - o

Blof - - - som shall fave; But when shall Spring vi = fit the

moul - - - der - ing Urn. Oh! when shall it down on the

Night of the Grave - - . on the Night of the Grave - - . on the

Night of the Grave .

